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AMERICAN ART NEWS.

BOSTON.

PERHAPS more than the usual dulness has characterized the traffic in art productions during the proverbially dull season of the year just gone.

Sometimes we fear that our reputation as an art-loving and art-patronizing community deserves diminishing, when we hear of the liberal prices paid for *chef d 'œuvre* in other cities, and of the comfortable way in which artists of known ability live out of Boston. Yet when such artists as Mrs. Murray, Alfred Ordway and Foxcroft Cole make the experiment of a more metropolitan home, and return to cast in their lot with us again, we feel that we cannot be so certainly falling away in art appreciation.

As usual in the summer and early autumn, most of the artists have been to the mountains, the meadows, the woods or the sea shore.

Geo. L. Brown has, however, remained at home most of the season, (only spending a fortnight or so on the Penngewassett, whence he wrote us in July of catching brook trouts a foot long). It seems to have been quite to his advantage, too, for he received at least one very handsome commission from a Western tradesman in our market whom he would not have met had he been sketching.

Mr. Gerry was among the White Mountains in his sketching vacation, and has brought home some interesting studies of that region, and of the vicinity of Lake Winnepisseogee.

Alfred Ordway was in the Conway valley and on the east side of the mountains, and we hear of one or two fine pictures of the Conway meadows nearly finished on his easel.

James W. Champney, son of our veteran Ben. Champney, has returned from a long visit and study abroad, and has an abundance of sketches of what he saw and felt.

Foxcroft Cole has remained near Boston during the summer, and is able to exhibit in his studio landscapes more lovely than many a Bostonian would believe to exist in the vicinity of his home—though all the people are believed to know that no city in the world surpasses ours in the charm of her suburbs. Several drawings of Cole's have recently been published in very superior black lithography—in the style of the "Œuvre de Calame," and the "Moderne Ecole," issued by De la Rue, of Paris. They are among the finest things executed in America; Mr. Prang is the publisher.

Mr. Cass has nearly completed a pure landscape said to be very beautifully illustrative of a portion of Gray's Elegy. He has also not been idle in his chosen department of fish and fruit painting.

No artist with us has a reputation superior to that of Brackett as a painter of fish. One of his salmon in a window will draw gazers like a battle-piece. He has several new subjects in hand.

Norton has been studying that part of the ocean from which our well-known and much-dreaded east wind comes, and has sketches along the coast from Mt. Desert to Nova Scotia.

Frank Shapleigh spent several weeks in California in June and July, and has sketches of the "Yo Semite" and the Hetch-Hetchy" valleys which cannot fail to add to his reputation and find ready purchasers when brought out.

Wight is busy with portraits, yet finding time to invent a little, having on his easel a composition of his own, something in the style of his "Priscilla," but the characters and scene are French.

Thomas Hill has settled down at Cambridge, having there built himself a studio after his own heart. He has no lack of work.

Hodgdon has brought home many drawings from Central Massachusetts—some fine sketchings of Wachusett and Monadnock.

Griggs wandered extensively in his vacation, and shows us views from Mt. Desert, Lake Memphremagog, and the Connecticut River. He finds time, and a ready market, for an occasional fish piece.

The galleries of our city have shown no remarkable exhibitions, though the "Emerald Pool" (Bierstadt's) Childs' drew many visitors for two months. Mr. Childs is now exhibiting "A Nymph of the Wave," a cast by Dexter.

At Williams & Everett's rooms have been a few American and foreign subjects of not special interest. Oertel's "Rock of Ages" and its companion are now there. Mr Henry Williams has recently returned from Europe with valuable gatherings of rare prints.

Of the many designs submitted for a soldier's monument on the Common, the city committee has chosen that of Milmore. Lest I should make my letter too long, I will withhold a description of it for my next.

The most remarkable chromo recently published is that of Bierstadt's "Domes of the Yo Semite." It is of very large size, is issued by McQueen of London at three guineas; it has been received by Mr. Elliot—the print dealer, who is McQueen's American agent.

ATHENIAN.

NEW YORK.

ALTHOUGH one naturally regards the autumn as the harvest season, it is not so in an artistic sense, for at this season of the year the studios of our artists are nearly barren of finished pictures. All of the artists have returned from their summer wanderings bringing with them studies and sketches which give promise of many beautiful pictures for the future.

Thomas Le Clear is painting the portraits of some of our New York divines. He has not yet been able to finish his fine full-length portrait of Dr. Marion Simms, owing to that gentleman's absence in Europe, but as the great *savant* has recently returned to this country, Mr. Le Clear will, without doubt, avail himself of an opportunity to complete his fine work.

Kruseman Van Elten has but recently returned to the city. He has on exhibition at the Bogardus Gallery in Broadway, a very beautiful landscape. There are certain cool, breezy effects of atmosphere, and of dark floating clouds of which Mr. Van Elten seems to be very fond, as one sees them in most of his works; in fact these seem to be the characteristics of his pictures; though at times he departs from this style, and paints warm and glowing sunset scenes, which are suffused in a golden haze which gives a poetical aspect to the landscape.

William Hart has just sent his last work to the Chicago Exhibition. The paint was still wet when it left the studio. Mr. Hart regards this as his finest work and naturally feels some complacency about it. He hopes to have it back from Chicago in a month or two, and then he will put about two weeks' more work on it.

Mr. L. M. Wiles, also in the Association Building, has just returned from his rambles in the Genessee Valley. He comes richly laden with studies, the material for future pictures.

A. F. Tait has some wonderful trout upon his easel, —"Trout as is trout!" He has also a barn door scene, with ducks, geese, hens, chickens and cows. They are painted with Mr. Tait's usual fidelity to nature

Wm. M. Brown has spent most of the summer in town. He has a collection of fruit in his studio that makes one's mouth water. His pears, grapes, currants, cherries, strawberries and melons do not look like pictures of these fruits, but the fruits themselves, juicy and luscious.

A. T. Bricher is painting New Hampshire views. He likes warm, glowing hues. The tone of some of his pictures is not very unlike that which one often sees in works of Gifford.

J. F. Kensett has a large picture on his easel. It is a view near Salerno, Italy. There are cliffs with a long avenue shaded by ilex trees, or evergreen oaks. Through this avenue peasants are passing with their donkeys bearing paniers of fruits and vegetables. At the foot of the cliffs the gulf of Salerno stretches out in a broad expanse. The atmosphere is warm and dreamy, like that of some of our most perfect Indian Summer days.

BRADFORD.

BROOKLYN.

J. B. WHITTAKER, in the building corner of Court and Livingston Streets, is engaged upon a careful life-size study from nature of the female form, which he is making a beautiful thing of. He is also painting a family group for Mr. SINCLAIR TOUSEY, of the American News Company, which combines the merit of a well composed picture with that of an excellent collection of portraits. There is no better or more industrious worker in the city.

Ferdinand T. L. Boyle, in the Brooklyn Institute, Washington Street, has several portraits on his easel, full of fresh color and life. Boyle is a good worker. He has designs for a grand picture, representing Judith appealing to Heaven just before destroying the tyrant Holofernes, who lies dead-drunk, supine upon his costly couch at her feet. The artist is hopefully biding a time when leisure from his everyday work, to which he is incessantly called, shall allow the completion of this grandly conceived subject.

Baerer, the sculptor, in the Burnham building, corner of Smith and Schermerhorn Streets, is at present chiseling an exquisite little bust in whitest marble, of "Flora." The face is full of the pure beauty of innocence; the graceful locks are crowned with a profusion of leaves and flowers; and the robes fall in pleasing lines across her breast, forming a charmingly natural piece of work. A life-size clay bust of the architect Teckritz, is now under the sculptor's hands, while a plaster model of a sitting figure of "Time," represented as in deep cogitation, is receiving some finishing touches. It is a carefully wrought composition, and worthy of public notice. During the summer, Mr. Baerer composed a strong group which would be peculiarly appreciated in the West, representing an Indian attacked by a panther, while reposing. It is full of life and action.

W. H. Hepburn, at 177 Schermerhorn Street, has under way several new cattle pieces in his usual excellent style. One represents a number of cattle and goats in a spring pasture, but as yet insufficiently advanced for a full notice. "Early Morning" is a large completed picture, containing a group of cattle and sheep upon a bit of pasture land. It is a picture well composed. Besides these he has several smaller pictures of horses, dogs, etc.

W. H. Baker, in the Hamilton Building, has several portraits under way, and is finishing a pretty composition, "Cupid Reprimanded." A nymph has caught him fishing, with his barbed arrows bent to a fish-hook and his bow-string converted to a fishing line. He hangs his head as if contrite, but he isn't the least bit so, as you see by his eye and the smile, half suppressed, playing upon his face.

LE MOYNE BURLEIGH.

PHILADELPHIA.

HAMILTON, our well-known marine artist, has, since the death of his wife, a short time since, kept himself out of the way, and does not seem to be doing much. I saw, however, a recent effect called "Sunset on the Ocean," and another entitled "Moonrise in the Mountains," which were both very beautiful. Hamilton is a true artist, painting from inspiration, and he ranks among the finest marine painters America has ever produced.

Mr. Sully is very well, and paints a couple of hours every day. He has just finished a number of heads in his usual broad manner, with his usual beautiful coloring. Two of them, the "Departure for the War," and "The Return," are especially touching. There is also in his gallery the head of a Spanish Boy, copied from Murillo, which is worthy of high praise. Near it hangs the full length portrait Mr. Sully painted of his wife; also "Little Nell Asleep," "The Lost Child," and a number of other admirable works.

Rothrmel is still busy on his colossal picture "The Battle of Gettysburg," which is being painted for Harrisburg; but I am glad to know that there is a movement making to prevent its being buried in that out of the way place, where no one can see it. So great a work deserves to be kept in Philadelphia—for it will undoubtedly be Rothrmel's best effort. In composition and color it is wonderful, and the effect of the whole is unusually fine. Rothrmel is devoting his best energies to making it his *chef d'œuvre*, and already he has succeeded.

There is some talk about having the portraits of our various Mayors painted for Independence Hall, and among others Mr. Hewitt, our well known portrait painter, stands an excellent chance of gaining the contract. Mr. Hewitt is spirited in composition and excellent in color, and he would produce some pictures which would be worthy of preservation.

Edward Moran, a couple of seasons since, deserted Philadelphia for New York, but I see him here quite often, so that I suppose he still retains an affection for our village. Tom. Moran is still here; so is Peter Moran, another brother, who paints animals very cleverly.

The Lincoln Monument, which was to be finished last September, has not yet arrived from Rome. Some months since I saw the drawings and plans for it, and thought, from what I could judge, that it would be good. It is by Randolph Rogers, and represents Lincoln seated, holding the Emancipation Proclamation; a cloak is gracefully draped over his shoulders. The likeness is excellent, and when it is placed on Broad Street it will be quite an addition to our limited art treasures. With the exception of Bailly's marble statue of Washington, in front of the State House, and Penn, in front of the Pennsylvania Hospital, our statuary amounts to very little.

Bailly, the sculptor, of this city, has just completed the model for the equestrian statue of Grant, which is to be placed on the south terrace of the Treasury Buildings, Washington. The statue will be colossal, and is pronounced good by those who have seen it.

E. B. Bensell has given up painting and become a designer. This was a wise move, for Mr. Bensell draws cleverly, but does not color well. I am glad to know that, as a designer, he is fully supplied with orders.

Porter & Coates, Chestnut below Ninth, have a number of pictures by Hamilton, Moran, Bonfield, Weber, Inness, Lambdin, Cooper, E. D. Lewis, S. P. Dyke, and others, which are well worth visiting.

At M'Cann's Galleries, Chestnut above Ninth, there are also some unusually good specimens of our best artists, such as Sully, Waugh, Hamilton, Fowler, Henry Smith, and many others. Waugh has just finished painting Miss Emily Schaumberg, our Philadelphia *belle*, and has produced a charming picture.

R. FITZGERALD.

CHICAGO.

THE interest in art matters in this city, has centered ainly of late in the opening of the new Academy of sign building and its exhibition; and the semi-an- reception, and opening of the winter exhibition era House Gallery, both of which receive due e...n elsewhere. The next event of importance will the grand annual reception to be given in February, Mr. Aitken, to the subscribers of the Opera House allery, which we are promised, and have reason to lieve, will exceed all previous occasions of the kind for agnitude and brilliancy.

Probably no one man in Chicago has worked more onestly, earnestly, or unselfishly in the interest of Art, an Mr. Volk, the honored President of the Chicago cademy of Design; that, for this reason alone, were it e only one, it would be with feelings of regret that we ow announce another extended absence in his Roman tudio—*via San Basilio*—commencing with his departure about the 20th of December. We hope to welcome him back next season, and congratulate him pon the production of works that shall be yet nearer nd more near the ideal, in pursuit of which, he goes from mong us for a little time. A *bon voyage* is the hearty ish of scores of friends.

Chicago has many artist-absentees, but none so nuch missed as "Jimmie' Gookins—who can be formal n speaking of one whose warm heart and large soul nakes him everybody's friend!—and his companion Walter Shirlaw, both of whom are enjoying and improving themselves in Munich, where they remain for the winter.

Samuel Conkey is a sculptor who has recently come to Chicago, from Elmira, N. Y., where he has enjoyed an excellent reputation, happily not entirely local in its character; else it might have taken the art people of the Garden city longer than it has to find out the fact that his works are imbued with real artistic sentiment. For, let us whisper it low, that this city, so fast in all else, is slow to appreciate the intrinsically good and true in æsthetics, not excepting music, with which the public is best informed. But let an artist once become recognized de ...ly, and there is no lack of praise or patronage. A ... take pleasure in welcoming to our steadily gr...g list of good artists, one who can add to our comparatively limited collections of sculpture. Mr. Conkey occupies Mr Drury's old studio in the Opera House, and is already at home and at work.

Among those who have recently located in Chicago is a Norwegian landscape artist, by the name of T. Melvold, a student of Achenbach's and Eckersberg, and several smaller works of his show, careful study and truthfulness to nature—two essentials in which our American landscapists are deplorably deficient. We commend him to art *connoisseurs* and patrons.

Mrs. Lakey, wife of C. D. Lakey, of the excellent *American Builder*, is an amateur artist of pleasing ability. In the Academy Gallery she has on exhibition two small landscapes,—match pictures that show an eye for color, combined with naturalness of effect and easy handling.

Mrs. Fassett has a wonderful facility for doing nice things with her pencil, and shows unmistakably that her European advantages were not neglected. The likenesses of Mr. Upton, of the *Tribune* and Mr. Runnion, of the *Times*, are very like the originals, and very excellent.

Despite the universal "dull times" which affects the artists, no less than the outside world, Mr. Elkins is busily at work in his pleasant new studio, and is doing some landscapes fully equal, if not superior, to any heretofore produced by him. The last large work, still on his easel, is a view of Mount Washington, the crowning glory of New England scenery. The carefully worked foreground—a green meadow in which a herd of cattle are grazing,—with a clump of trees at the left and a half-hidden cottage at the right, runs back to the village in the middle distance that is suggested by a church-spire, and from this rises the lesser peaks, until at the back stands the monarch of the mountains, which is clearly, yet delicately outlined against the sky, its summit reaching above the clouds themselves. The work when completed will serve as a happy reminder of New England to some one of our many citizens whose old homestead is nestled among its hills.

ROLLO RAMBLER.

ST. LOUIS.

SINCE I last wrote you, a number of the artists have moved into the new Insurance building, on the southeast corner of Olive and Fourth Streets. The highest s... been fitted up expressly for them, and nearly all ... rooms are all that could be desired, in the way of light, freedom from dust, and public annoyances of every kind.

The artists who may now be found in this building are E. S Evans, Julius Kummer, J. R. Stuart, J. Meeker, T. Rabuske, G. C. Eichbaum, J. W. Pattison and A. G. Powers. They are all at work, and have the cheerful aspect of successful men.

Conant has finished his full-length of J. J. Roe, and the picture has received the highest commendation. It deserves it, and may be set down as the master-piece of the artist. We may, however, look for something much in advance of this in the future, for he is still young enough to add skill and power to his natural talent.

Pattison has spent a part of the summer in Minnesota, and brought away with him some charming sketches of the northern land of lakes and flowers. One of these, which he has finished, is a marked advance on his former pictures, and he is now copying it for an admirer. He devotes a portion of his time to the pupils of the Mary Institute, and is enthusiastic as a teacher.

Meeker has been down in the Iron Mountain country, a region which has already furnished him material for a number of excellent pictures. His skerches promise abundant supply of labor for the winter months. A view in a Cyprus Swamp, a favorite subject for his pencil, which was on exhibition at the St. Louis Fair, more than satisfied his friends. He has the satisfaction of finding ready purchasers for his labor as soon as it leaves the easel.

Schultze has lately returned from a trip on the Kansas Pacific Railroad. He was at Denver and in the region about, going in every direction afoot and camping out in true artist style. He tells me that his portfolio is full, but I have not yet had time to examine and enjoy its contents.

Mr. W. M. Chase, who had his studio with Pattison, and gained many friends during his stay in St. Louis, has gone to New York city. He is a devoted and enthusiastic worker. His fruits and flowers have the merit of actual study, and cannot but attract aetention. It may not be the highest branch of art, but such talent and perseverance as he has is always to be commended.

BENJ. ST. JAMES FRY.

NEW ORLEANS.

There is really but one Art-Emporium in this city, Wagoner & Meyer, Canal Street, and to them the Artist and Art-lover will be indebted in the future as the Pioneer Art Exhibitors in New Orleans. Their collection of Paintings is not large. Foremost (in size) among their late exhibitions was Julio's (of St. Louis) Picture of the Heroes of Chancellorville—Equestrian Portraits of Lee and Jackson, with a group of staff officers at a short distance back of the chief figures; while in the distance, on the left, stretch the grey hills of Virginia, with wreaths of smoke curling up, indicating the site of a distant encampment. The drawing of the principal figures, the painting of the flesh, the drapery, and the likenesses, are very good; the extreme distance and sky are handled artistically and with much feeling; the texture of the animal painting is also good, but not the anatomy, while a large group of trees in front, forming a back-ground for some of the figures, gives evidence of a want of study from nature. The modeling is not good, and their lines are too hard against the very nicely managed sky and distances. The foreground, too, though good in color, is cut up too much, and detracts from the general effect by a want of breadth. The picture is to be presented to the family of the late Gen. Lee, by subscription. It was exhibited in public for a few days only in honor of the memory of the lately deceased General.

M. Straus, scenic artist and landscapist, (late of St. Louis), has most excellent composition, on exhibition—a landscape and cattle piece. The subject is a very good one; sky luminous; distance soft and atmospheric; fine perspective, but a little too much green pervading the foreground; the grouping and coloring of cattle very good, as is the general composition; but a little more warm grey instead, and less green, would improve the picture.

CRESCENT.

THE PACIFIC COAST.

THE record of artistic work for the past summer months, in San Francisco, shows at least unusual activity, and is in fact of rather more than usual interest. Among a large number of visitors—who select this rather unfavorable season for obtaining a pleasant impression of California—there is a very fair proportion of artists, who, fortunately for ourselves, have not been idle during their stay.

Mr. Munger has been spending the summer at San Rafael, in the vicinity of San Francisco, and gives us as the result of two months open-air study a picture of Mount Tamalpais, a somewhat famous peak which overlooks the Bay north of the Golden Gate It can hardly be said that the picture is a beautiful one, admirably as the work has been performed, but it is a singularly vivid and forcible representation of California scenery, which, despite its crudeness, is not without its charm. It is as yet almost exceptional to find, as one finds here, an "uncomposed" California landscape, for our artists have clung to their early traditions and given us New England atmospheric effects, or shown their national Italian or German prejudices in some characteristic way. But such atrocities have been perpetrated by what may be termed *artistic license* with the sanction of greater names than we can boast of in San Francisco. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that our artists have also availed themselves of these "effects," but we may at least be thankful that such outrages upon our intuitive sense of the fitness of things have been proved to be not essential to the beauty or completeness of a picture. In the picture which I have mentioned, the mountain itself first attracts the attention. It looms out of the pale grey afternoon sky, bold and green. The mist which has been the means of keeping this northern exposure verdant during the bleak summer months, is now floating across it in a filmy line. The base of the mountain is dark with conifera and live oak, which covers the boldly swelling outlines But above the mist the sunlight is lingering on the soft green of the upper slopes, which are ranged one after the other with singular exactness and similarity of form—as if an assemblage of those cone-like bee-hives which were wont to decorate the old-time copy-books was hidden away beneath this velvety mantle. A group of red woods which crowns an acclivity in the left-hand corner of the picture are remarkable for finish and fidelity. The effect of the picture renders marvelously the distinctive characteristic of much of California scenery, that is simple grandeur, and the handling shows a force which befits the subject. He also exhibits another coast scene called "Beyond the Heads." It is in general characteristics not unlike the "First Glimpse of the Pacific," already described in these notes, with bolder rocks in the foreground and more of the distant sea. The shimmer of the light upon the water, and the distant swell of the waves has all of the fascination of the ocean, and seems faintly to rise and fall before your eyes. The ships sailing in the blue distance have that shadowy indistinctness which would make one's pulse flutter on a desert island in painful uncertainty to know whether they would at last grow with the distinctness of *coming* ships, or fade away like phantoms in the hazy atmosphere. Mr. Munger has, besides completing one or two other pictures, made numerous studies of California landscapes. He is now about to accompany a geological party to Mt. Shaster, to make a study of that great snow mountain, which he hopes to exhibit in the East during the winter.

A few other pictures of medium merit have been recently completed by our local artists. A branch of large glowing Santa Clara Cherries, by Wandesford, is a touchingly delineated trophy of our horticultural resources. Mr. Colby, a young sculptor, has on exhibition at Currier & Winter's a small collection of marbles executed in bas-relief. They are remarkable for delicacy of finish and pure and clearly-defined conception, with, perhaps, but little originality. "Morning" and "Evening," companion pieces, are of course female heads. The face of "Morning" is characterized by an eager, uplisted look, and has a delicate spirituelle contour; the head is gracefully posed upon the strong, beautiful throat, such as now, alas, is known only in the company of the gods The floating hair ripples away from the forehead and falls in wavy masses behind the rounded shoulders; her beautiful hands are overflowing with fresh roses. The face of "Evening" is more voluptuous in its outlines and introspection is vaguely delineated in its quieter expression. "Love's Dream," while perhaps the most beautifully executed of the collection, it must be confessed, is a rather weak expression of that popular hallucination. "Childhood" is a beautiful little ideal. The forehead and eyes have the unthoughtful, childish innocence remarkably portrayed. The head is turned over the shoulder, and the chubby arm which frames the face, with the chubby hand buried deeply in the hair, is such a hand and arm as only every mother's baby possesses to the ecstatic admiration of its worshiping relatives. He has also finished, in clay, a small bust of the Rev. Dr. Scudder. His latest work, which he exhibits at Snow & Roos', is a finely modeled bust of Francis Bret Harte. It is a remarkable likeness, and shows that Mr. Colby has an unusual degree of power in his ability to express his art, as well as the characteristic already mentioned, great delicacy of finish.

HILDA ROSEVELT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE McMicken School of Art, at Cincinnati, unde the able instructorship of Mr. T. S. Noble, is prospering finely. This artist has recently completed a work intended as a reminder of the great flood upon the Ohio last spring, which is forcible in handling and strong in effect. Mr. Noble is not only unconventional, but more frequently bold, in the selection of his subjects, and certainly deserves much credit for his efforts in this direction.

THE Academy of the Fine Arts, in Buffalo, has a permanent collection of paintings, embracing several works of much excellence. In addition to this public exhibition, there are several private collections in the city of more than ordinary interest Thanks to the courtesy of the leading spirit in Buffalo art matters, Mr. Sellstedt, we may soon be able to give our readers a glimpse at the private galleries, several of which contain gems by foreign and home artists of note.